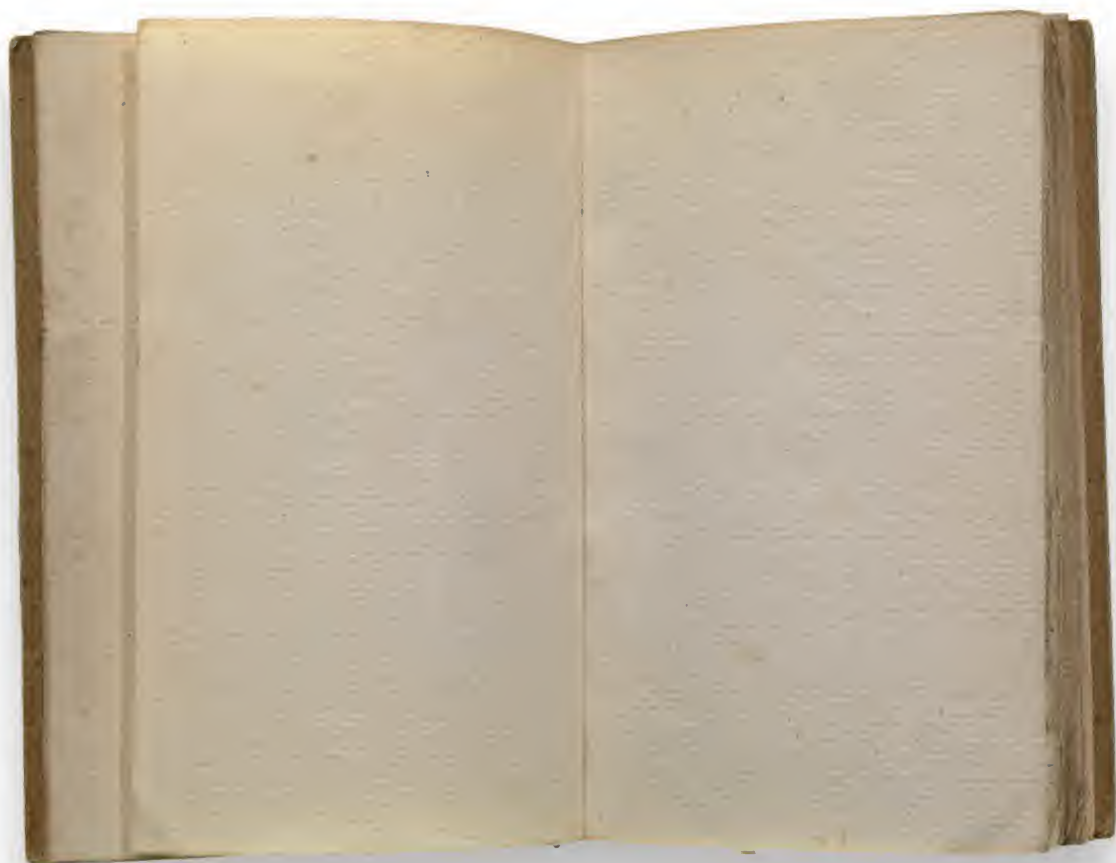
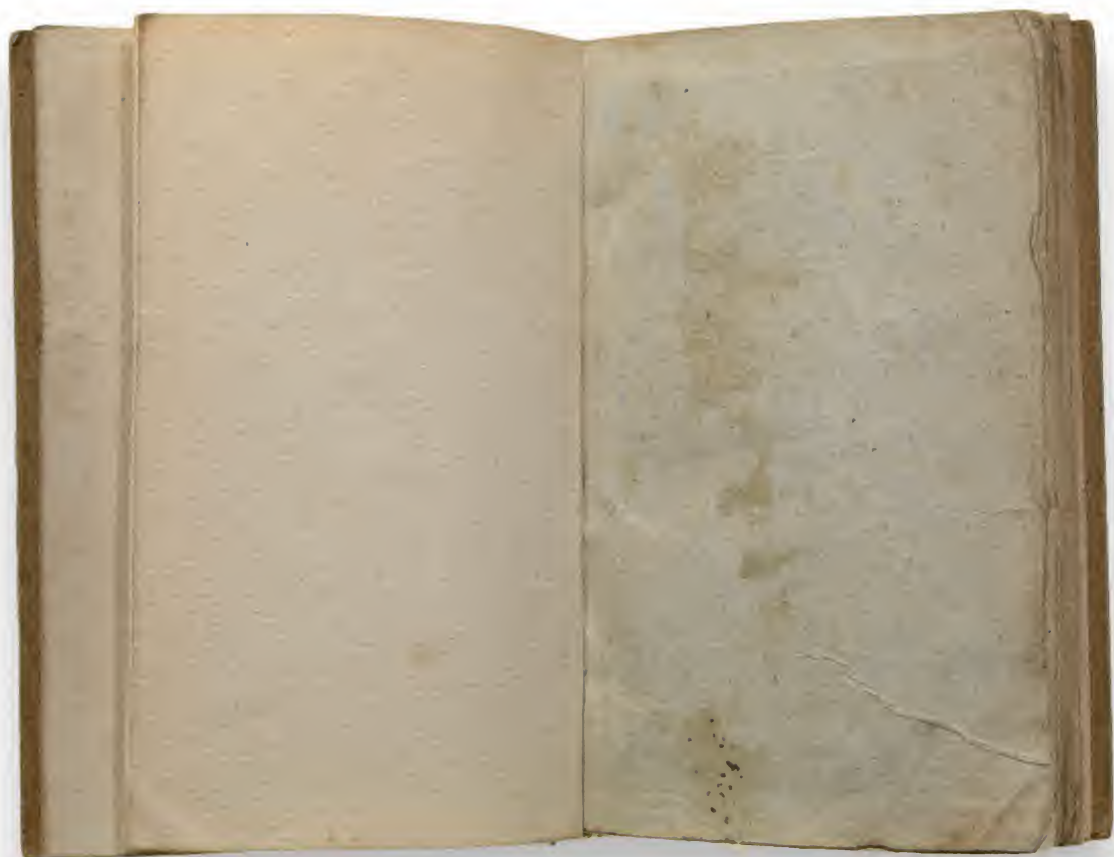




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*M H* THE *Haskell*  
LITTLE MORALISTS;  
OR, 1700  
THE HISTORY  
OF  
AMINTOR AND FLORELLA,  
THE PRETTY LITTLE  
Shepherd and Shepherdess  
OF THE  
VALE OF EVESHAM.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

LONDON:

Printed for E. Newbery, the Corner of  
St. Paul's Church-yard.

1786.

[Price. 3d.]

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TO THE  
LITTLE MISSES AND MASTERS  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN,

THIS  
History of AMINTOR and FLORELLA<sup>s</sup>

Is most humbly inscribed,

By their sincere Wellwisher,

And Friend and humble Servant,

The Editor,

R. J.

Emily Haskole  
1817

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THE  
LITTLE MORALISTS.

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*Chapter the First.*

IN the delightful vale of Evelham, at the foot of a fruitful mountain, and on the banks of the enchanting Avon, lived a poor shepherd and shepherdess, who had two lovely children, Amintor and Florella, of which the former was eight, and the latter six years of age, when they first came to the knowledge of the writer of this history.

Such was the humble condition of these poor people, that they could not afford to put their children to school; however,  
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they themselves taught them the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments. They also taught them to read tolerably well, and this was all the education they were capable of giving them; but these sweet little children had a genius that was not to be bound in the fetters of ignorance, and which will spring forward and shew itself in spite of every obstacle that comes in its way. They had by some means procured a Royal Primmer, of which they took as much care, as a miser would of his hoard of riches.

As they were one day sitting on the banks of the Avon, reading their book with great attention, while their innocent flocks were feeding around them, their minds were so bent on their book, that they did not perceive the Rev. Mr. Stubbs walking to them, as you here see.

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This Mr. Stubbs was the curate of a neighbouring village, a man of great piety and learning, and who had observed, that Amintor and Florella came regularly to church every Sunday, and always behaved there with the greatest order and decorum.

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He continued his slow pace, without perceiving him, till he got up close to them, when our little moralists instantly got up. Amintor made the best bow he was able, and Florella her best courtesy. "So, my pretty little dears, (said Mr. Stubbs) I see you are reading your book like good children. How many little books have you got?" "This is the only one we have, Sir, (replied Amintor) and I and my sister have read it so often, that we can almost say it by heart."

Mr. Stubbs then took the book, and asked them several questions out of it, to which they gave such answers as greatly surprised him. Here, my sweet children, (said Mr. Stubbs, taking a little book out of his pocket) is a little story book, which I will lend you till to-morrow, and if you then read me one of them prettily, I will lend it to you till you shall have read the whole out."

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As soon as Mr. Stubbs was gone, Amintor and his sister set down to read the book, in order that they might be perfect in their lesson against he came again the next day, which he punctually did, and enquired of our little moralists what progress they had made in their lesson. Amintor replied, that he believed he could read it tolerably well, at least, if he pleased, he would try. Mr. Stubbs then desiring him to proceed, he began as follows.

"A pretty little boy had the misfortune to have a very bad father, whose temper was very furly and peevish, and who took no manner of heed of his children, cared not how they were brought up, nor minded what company they went into. It is therefore no wonder that the boy learned bad habits, and followed the example of his father. He was in some measure to be pitied; for had he been taught better, he possibly might

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might have made a better man than his father.



“ Being of a very quarrelsome temper, he was often served as you here see and got many a sound drubbing by several boys like himself. Though it must be observed, that boys of a bad temper

are generally more abusive with their tongues than they are fond of fighting, being for the most part cowards. This little boy had also a dog, who had learned as many bad tricks of him as he had of his father : so that the father, the son, and his dog, were considered as little better than three brutes, and all equally despised by the neighbours.

He was one morning going abroad with his dog Lion, for such was the animal's name, when he met a sweet little boy going to school eating a bit of bread and butter, and having his dinner in his basket. Lion immediately run up to the little boy, who, frightened out of his wits, threw the bread and butter to the dog, crying out to the naughty boy to call off his dog ; but, instead of so doing, he pointed to the basket which hung upon the little boy's arm, and said, “ Seize it, Lion ! ” when the

dog instantly tore the basket to pieces and eat up all the poor little fellow's provisions.

"This terrible loss of all his provisions inspired the little fellow with uncommon courage: he went to the hedge and pulled out a large stick, and coming up to the dog before he had finished his meal, he gave him such a stroke upon the head, as sent him away howling in the most terrible manner.

"This little fellow was not so big as Lion's master, who was such a coward that he dared not to approach him, but kept at a distance throwing stones at him; which a farmer who had a whip in his hand, observing, came up softly to him, and gave him two or three such cuts, as sent him away bellowing after his dog."

A shower of rain now coming on Mr. Stubbs desired the rest of this story might be deferred till the next day.

But pretty Florella could not help observing, that naughty actions generally bring along with them their own punishments.

*Chapter*



*Chapter the Second.*

**M**R. Stubbs returned the next day and brought with him the above picture, drawn from a particular

scene in the first chapter, which I am sure my pretty readers have not yet forgotten. As Amintor had begun the story, the good parson desired the sweet Florella to finish it, which the pretty dear readily complied with, and read as follows.

“ This horsewhipping had no effect on this wicked boy ; for, as soon as the smart was over, he looked about for fresh matter to gratify his evil disposition. While he was sitting on a stile looking about him, and his dog lying in the ditch, he saw a poor boy coming along with a pie. As soon as he came to the stile, he asked the poor little fellow what he had got there. “ It is a mutton-pie, (said he) which my father has treated my mother, himself, and us children with, as he has now had a successful harvest, and none of us have tasted a bit of meat for this fortnight. But now I think of it, I should have

have brought a two-penny loaf with me. Will you be so kind as to look after my pie, while I step back and get one?"

"With all my heart," said this wicked boy: so away back went the poor little fellow, not thinking in what wicked hands he left his pie. No sooner was he gone, than the little villain took out his knife, cut off the top-crust very nicely, threw all the meat and gravy into the hedge, filled the pan with water, and then put on the crust again.

"When the poor boy returned, he thanked this wicked child in the kindest manner for the care he had taken of his pie, and told him, if he would go home with him, he was sure his father would very readily give him a piece of it: but this the young villain in course refused, considering what he had done.

"As this sad boy was himself very hungry, no sooner was the poor fellow gone, than he leaped into a

he

hedge, and, without considering, stuck his knife into a piece of the meat, and instantly put it into his mouth, and thus burnt his tongue in so terrible a manner, that he could hardly taste any thing for more than a week after. His dog Lion, awakened by the cries of his wicked master, ran to him, and being attracted by the smell of the meat, he took a large mouthful of it, and being thus burnt as well as his master, he ran away howling and yelping till he was out of sight."

The tender hearted Amintor could not help crying, when he considered what a terrible disappointment this wicked boy must have occasioned in this poor family, who had not tasted a bit of meat for a fortnight before. The sweet Morella wiped her eyes, and desired Mr. Stubbs would allow her a few moments to rest. She could not, however, help observing, that this

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wicked little boy was in some measure paid off in his own coin, since he who disappointed these poor and innocent people of their dinner, was himself rendered incapable of eating for some time. Yet this was but a poor recompence to the injured, who were too good to take delight in the punishment of any one.

Florella then proceeded. "The wicked boy had another sad trick of letting his dog bite the heels of horses as they went along, which frequently was the cause of the poor animal throwing his rider; but the last time he attempted this trick, the horse gave him so violent a kick as laid him dead upon the spot. See how quiet Mr. Lion lies."



"He one time met with a poor blind pie-woman, whom he told, if she would go along with him, he would take her to a place, where, on crying out her pies aloud, she would soon sell all she had in her basket. The poor woman was very

very thankful, and begged he would lead her there, when he should have her best prayers for his happiness in turn. He accordingly took her by the arm, and leading her into the middle of a church during divine service, told her then was the time, when the poor woman, not knowing where she was, began to cry, as loud as she could. "Come buy my tarts and cheesecakes; they are all hot, hot, hot!" The wicked boy then ran out of the church as fast as he could, and the beadle informed the poor blind woman of her mistake.

"If he saw any poor cripples, would invent some means to throw them down, and the more they were hurt the more pleasure it gave him. He took great delight in tormenting flies, and every kind of animal of what nature ever. Thus every body lived in fear of him; and it was only on consideration

his wickedness that his father took any notice of him.

"His wicked career was, however, at last stopped; for having tumbled out of a pear-tree, up into which he had climbed in order to rob it, he broke his thigh, which turned to a mortification, and killed him. During his illness he became very penitent, and as he seemed exceedingly sorry for all his past offences, it is to be hoped that God forgave him."

Florella having thus finished, Mr. Stubbs seemed vastly pleased with the manner in which this pretty maid had read the story, and left the book with them to peruse another. He observed to them, respecting what they had been reading, that it was a singular proof of the fatal consequences of delighting in mischief. There are some little boys, who are guilty of mischievous actions, not from the badness of their heart, but

from the want of reflection. For what little boy would attempt to torture a fly, or any other animal whatever, if they did but recollect, that they have in some degree at least, the same feelings as we have?

“ It is alway my rule, (said Amintor) and so it is with my dear sister, whenever we are going to do any thing, to ask ourselves the question, whether it is such as we would wish to be done with by others? This is a never-failing guide, and such as never will deceive us.

Mr. Stubbs then gave these sweet children his blessing, and left them; after which, having seen their flock safely folded, they went arm in arm towards their own hovel, when their poor parents were waiting for them in order that they might partake with them of their humble fare.

*Chapter the Third.*

*Chapter* **A**S Amintor and Florella were walking home together, they passed by Squire Simpson's house, which you here see.



fee. They were so full of their little book, and the fresh lesson which Mr. Stubbs had set them, that they could not help, every now and then, pulling out the book and looking at it. Thus they were doing as they happened to pass the Squire's house, which was perceived by Master Simpson, and out he came.

I must acquaint you, my pretty little readers, that Master Simpson was, as to many of the children of the rich are, a spoiled child, and indulged to the greatest excess in every thing. He was above the age, but somewhat stouter than Amintor, and yet, though he had a variety of tutors in the house, he could hardly read. But this is not to be wondered at, when we consider, that he studied only just when he pleased, and you may suppose that was not often.

This Master Simpson, seeing a book in the hands of our little moralists, came up to them, and asked them what they

did with a book, and how they came by it; adding, that they had better mind their sheep, and look after their concerns at home, than think about reading. He did not comprehend, he said, that any body had a right to learn to read but rich people; for it only made poor people saucy, and neglectful of their business. If they learned the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments, that was enough for poor people to know, as the parson would tell them the rest.

"It is an idle question, Master Simpson, (replied Amintor) to ask us what we are doing with this book, because you see we are reading it. As to asking us how we came by it, though it is a rude question, I will tell you it was kindly lent us by our good parson Stubbs, to whom we have just now been reading the history of a naughty boy, and I think, if

if you were to read it, it might be of some service to you.

"As to your advice, that it would be better for us to look after our sheep, and mind our concerns at home, than to trouble our heads about reading, is a kind of advice I most certainly shall never take. I shall indeed mind my business; but then I and my dear Florella will continue to read as often as we have an opportunity, without asking the leave of any rich man's son.

"It is too often the misfortune of rich children, (continued Amintor) to be very idle and indolent, and too lazy properly to attend to their books. As they therefore know themselves to be very ignorant, they cannot bear the thoughts that poor people should be wiser than themselves; for wisdom is the fountain of happiness, and ignorance is a delusive dream."

This solid manner of reasoning put the frothy little Simpson into a passion, and he came up to Amintor, threatening to take the book from him; but Amintor advised him not to attempt any thing of that kind, unless he first convinced him, that he had more courage, and was stronger than he was. He advised Master Simpson to recollect, that though the one was rich and the other poor, yet every one had a right to defend his own property, and that he certainly should to the last.

Master Simpson was sadly angry, first to find, that a poor shepherd's boy was so much wiser than himself, and in the next place, that he had not the courage to put his threats into execution. He went home in a pet, and told his mama with what contempt he had been treated by the poor Amintor. Lady Simpson was highly enraged to think that a poor shepherd's boy should dare to insult her dear



dear son, whose fortune would be great.

'Squire Simpson, who was a very sensible man, endeavoured to pacify his son by telling her, that there was no counting for the differences between children, and that both parties should be heard, before any one presumes to form a judgment of either. He represented Amintor and Florella as two sweet children, who would never quarrel with any one without some cause; and it was clear from his son's own confession, that he was the first offender, by threatening to take the book away from the poor little shepherd and shepherdess. Master Simpson did not altogether like this mode of reasoning, and therefore left the room in a kind of pet.

Master Simpson and his papa being now left alone, Mr. Simpson took the opportunity thus to address him. "My dear boy, you are sensible that I am

at great expence in keeping tutors in my house to instruct you in all the polite branches of education, and yet I have the misfortune to find, that even the poor Amintor and Florella, whom you seem to despise on account of their poverty, are far richer in learning and mental refinements than you are. Learning is not to be bought by gold alone, but by great study, labour, and application, and youth is the time in which it must be acquired. That season of life is lost for ever, and an old age of ignorance succeeds it. In what light must you appear in the eyes of the world, when, after all the expence I have been at, two poor children, who have hardly any other tutor than nature, exceed you as much in learning, as you do them in the empty parade of riches? Be advised by me, my dear child, in future attend to your books, and then you will love the pretty Amintor and Florella as having been

been, in some measure, the cause of it. 'Squire Simpson having thus spoken, stepped out of the room without waiting for a reply.

Master Simpson being now left to himself, eased his little heart in a flood of tears, and determined from that moment to apply himself assiduously to his book. In this he kept his word, and soon found the pleasing difference between being considered as a dunce or a scholar. He loved the little Amintor for his free and friendly admonitions, and both he and his sister were frequently sent for to 'Squire's house, where they were always fed plentifully themselves, and were home loaded to their poor parents.

Thus you see, my pretty little reader, whatever your conditions in life may be, that learning will be the best friend you can have; and though it will cost you some labour and pains to acquire it, yet even that labour will appear sweet, when you consider what the harvest will be.

*Chapter the Fourth.*

THE two pretty little moralists got up the next morning as soon as it was light, in order to look after their  
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heap,

sheep, and to get prepared with their lessons against their friend the parson came. It was pleasing to see this sweet little shepherd and shepherdess trudging along together, arm in arm, in the most loving and affectionate manner. It is much to be wished, that all brothers and sisters would imitate these sweet children, and instead of wrangling and quarrelling among themselves, would like them live in the same harmony.

As soon as Amintor and his sister saw Mr. Stubbs coming, they went to meet him, and wish him a good morning. "Good morning to you, my pretty children," (said Mr. Stubbs) "I can see by your looks that you have got your lesson." "Yes, Sir," (said Florella) "I hope we have; and it was with great pleasure that we read your history of a good boy, as it certainly is more agreeable to hear of good children than naughty ones." They then walked on to the shady tree

they usually sat under, and there seating themselves, the pretty little shepherdess read as follows.

"A pretty little boy having occasion to go to a village, which was about six miles from his own home, set out early in the morning, and carried provisions with him, not choosing to stop any where in his little journey for refreshments. The first thing he met with was a little spaniel, that seemed half famished. The poor creature, feeble as he was, looked at him very earnestly, and wagged his tail. Our little traveller concluded he was hungry, and though he knew he had brought out with him but a small allowance, yet he determined to give the poor creature part of it, which he accordingly did, and the little animal having devoured it greedily, in return kept him company all the way.

"Our little traveller had not gone much further, when he came up with a



poor jack-ass lying on the ground groaning. He supposed that some cruel master had travelled this poor creature too far without feeding him, that he had fallen with fatigue, and that his cruel master had forsaken him. Observing that there was a hay-stack very near, he went and pulled some hay, which he gave to the poor animal, as you see in the picture at the head of this chapter. This refreshed the creature so much, that he got upon his legs, when our little traveller led him to a pond of water to drink, and then he appeared to be so much recovered, that he could walk about and graze at ease.

"Finding the poor ass could now take care of itself, he redoubled his pace, fearing he should be belated; but he had not gone far before he overtook a poor beggar woman, who had two children in her arms, and one following her."

"God bless you, my dear little master,"

(said the poor woman) do give me a half-penny to buy me a little bread, for neither I nor my poor babes have tasted a morsel of bread this day." As to money, good woman, (said our little traveller) I have none; but what little provision I have left, you are welcome to it." So saying, he gave her all he had left, and away he trudged.

"Before he had got to his journey's end, he heard a poor man in a field calling out for assistance. He asked him what was the matter, and the poor man told him he had lost his way. Our little traveller was surprized at the answer, when he saw the man never attempted to stir; but he soon found that he was a blind man, who could find his way from town to town by himself; but being some how or other bewildered, he was afraid to stir, lest he should tumble into some bad place; and well it was for him that he did not, as he had got over a

narrow piece of land, which was almost surrounded by a deep pond, and a great mercy it was that he was not drowned. Our traveller immediately ran to him, conducted him in safety out of his danger, and, after putting him in his right road, left him, and pursued his journey, while the poor blind man called upon heaven to reward so sweet and good a youth.

“ He again pursued his journey, and at last reached the village he was going to. Having there finished the business he went about, he prepared to return home; but he had lost so much time in assisting the different objects he had met with, that he feared it would be night before he could reach home. However, he submitted himself to the protection of God, not doubting of his goodness.

As this pretty story was a long one, Mr. Stubbs proposed to put off the remainder to the next day; but, for the present,

present, wished to know what were the opinions of our little moralists concerning it.

Amintor observed, that there was a great difference between this sweet little pretty traveller and the naughty boy, whose history they had before read. He thought that nothing in this life could afford so great a pleasure as that of doing good to each other. It always vexed him to the heart, when he saw little boys quarrel, as it could proceed only from the violence of an unruly passion; and he was still more vexed, when he saw them neglect the opportunities that often happened of relieving the wretched and hungry.

Pretty Florella said, that she hoped the dear little traveller would get home safe, as it was out of tenderness to others that he had exposed himself to this inconvenience. Had he not stopped to feed the dog and the ass, and to lead the



poor blind man out of his dangerous situation, he would have performed his journey in good time. However, she did not presume to blame him for it; on the contrary, she would have been glad to have done the same thing herself, and should have left her own protection to God.

Parson Stubbs was highly pleased with their sentiments, and assured them, that though no immediate advantage might be derived from such acts of humanity and generosity, yet they would certainly meet with an ample reward hereafter. However, there were many instances of actions like these being amply rewarded in this world.

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*Chapter the Fifth.*



*Chapter*

THE next morning the good Mr. Stubbs came again as usual, and, after very kindly asking them how they did,

did, sat down by them, when Amint took up the book, and proceeded to read as follows.

“ Our little traveller had not gone above half his way home, when night came on all on a sudden, the sky became exceedingly dark, the winds began to blow hollow, and at last down came a most violent shower of hail and rain attended with dreadful thunder and lightning.

“ About a minute or two before this dreadful storm came on, he met the poor beggar woman, whom he had fed in the morning. She informed our little traveller of the approaching storm, and conducted him to the hollow of a large tree, where she advised him to continue till it was over. He took her advice, and scarcely had he got in before it began, as I have above related; and see in the picture, in the preceding page, how securely he stands.

“ As soon as the storm was abated, the good beggar woman came and brought him plenty of provisions, which, she said, she had received from a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood soon after our traveller had relieved her in the morning. As the pretty little fellow was very hungry, he eat very heartily, and thought it one of the sweetest meals he had ever made in his life. Thus, said he to himself, I did this woman a kindness in the morning, and she now requites me for it in the evening. Had I not then relieved her, she would not now have cared a pin about me, and I might have perished in the storm. This clearly proves, that it is our interest to assist each other.

“ The storm being now over, and our little traveller having refreshed himself, he again set out on his journey home, and thanked the good beggar woman very heartily; and she, in her turn, begged

begged God to bless him for the goodness of his little heart.

"The night continuing very dark, by some means or other mistook his way and would not probably have found again till morning, had he not heard the footsteps of a person near him. Our little traveller called out for assistance, in the same manner as the blind man had called out in the morning, and would have come to his assistance but that the blind man himself, who was now going home, and to whom it made no difference, whether the sun shone or it was totally dark, he being blind.

"Our traveller no sooner called out, than the blind man knew his voice, and instantly made up to him. When the blind man found our traveller had lost his way, he thanked God for having given him an opportunity to assist his former deliverer. He immediately took this pretty boy by his arm, and led him  
along

along a lane, which brought him within his own knowledge, when the blind man left him to pursue his journey. Our little traveller here again remarked, that had he not saved this man's life in the morning, he himself might have perished in the night.

"The evening began to grow lighter, and the moon to appear; but our little traveller was so exhausted with walking, that he was almost ready to lie down and cry. At this very moment, he happened to look around him, and saw an ass trotting towards him, till it came close to his side, and soon found that this was the very creature he had assisted in the morning. The ass seemed to wish he would get upon his back, which our traveller did; and it is probable the poor ass would have carried him quite home.

"Our pretty traveller, however, reflecting how weak the poor ass must be,



he, after riding a good way, and finding himself pretty well rested, got off, and pursued the rest of his journey on foot. He first, however, led the poor ass to a fine turf of grass, by the side of a clear pool, and there left him to enjoy himself.

“As he was walking on, he could not help reflecting on the goodness of Providence, who had that day made him so useful to others, and in consequence of which, others had been so useful to him. He now no longer doubted, but that God had created one creature for the use of another. He was indulging himself in these sentiments till his own home appeared at a distance; but how shall we express our little traveller’s affright when, on looking round him, he saw a mad bull running furiously at him.

“Our poor little traveller ran as fast as he could, but the bull gained fast upon him, and would certainly have overtaken him, had not the little spaniel

had fed in the morning bit the ox’s legs, and thereby drew off his attention from one object to another, which gave our traveller time to make his escape, and get home, when the little dog came to him, fawned upon him, and our traveller afterwards kept him as long as he lived.”

As soon as Amintor had finished reading this story, Florella could hardly help crying. She knew not which most to admire, the goodness and humanity of the little traveller, or the ample recompences he received for all his good actions. “What a deal of pleasure he must take (said Florella) in that pretty little dog that saved him from the horns of the furious ox? And I dare say, he often visited the hollow tree, which saved him from the effects of that dreadful storm.”

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The good parson Stubbs reminded them, that though this pretty little traveller was so well rewarded for his goodness of heart, yet little boys and girls should not do good actions merely for the hope of rewards. This little traveller did every thing through the natural goodness of his heart, and the pleasure he found in relieving the necessities of others afforded him a secret satisfaction, beyond any other recompence this world could afford him. Nothing is so pleasing to the generous heart as those tears of compassion, which sometimes insensibly steal down our cheeks; they afford us more real pleasure and satisfaction than all the tumultuous laughs of gay circles. These touch only the external senses, but the others penetrate our very souls. Mr. Stubbs then took leave of our little moralist, leaving them a lesson for the next day, and then walked home.

*Chapter**Chapter the Sixth.*

THE situation of our poor little traveller, as related in my last chapter, with a mad bull in pursuit of him.

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him, certainly deserves a picture to commemorate his happy escape. I have therefore, at the beginning of this chapter, presented my pretty little reader with a true representation of that transaction.

But to proceed: the next morning proving very wet and dismal, Mr. Stubbs was thereby prevented paying his usual visit to our little shepherd and shepherdess, who had taken shelter under the hovel. These pretty little children amused themselves in chatting to each other; but, as their conversation was not on idle and childish subjects, I do not but my pretty readers wish to know what it was: I shall therefore proceed to tell them.

"Bless me, (said Florella to Amintor) how it rains! This rain will prevent Mr. Stubbs coming to us this morning, and we shall lose saying

lesson, which, I am sure, will as much benefit you as it will me."

"That is true, (replied Amintor) but, my dear sister, remember it is what God pleases, and we must not murmur at what he pleases to direct. But this rain, though it proves a disappointment to us at present, it may be of infinite service to us in future, as well as to many other people. This rain will moisten the earth, and bring up the sweet grass for our innocent flock to feed on. It will likewise assist in the growth of vegetables in general, and will do a world of good besides, much more than you or I know of. But I will read you part of the history of little Amarillis, which is, in some degree, applicable to what we are talking about.

"The little Amarillis was a sweet pretty creature, who loved and was beloved by every one. She constantly said grace before and after dinner and sup-

per; and never went to bed at night without offering up her prayers to God, nor rose in the morning without repeating them. She was dutiful to her parents, and loved her brother, nor did she ever give the servants any room to complain of her.

"It so happened, that Miss Amarillis had a new gown, and her brother a new coat, both at the same time, in order to go to the fair along with some other little folks like themselves. The morning was delightful and pleasant, and promised a fine day, so that all the little gentry were dressed in their best apparel; but just as they were going to set out, the sky was suddenly overcast, the clouds presently collected, and the rain fell in torrents, continuing almost the whole day, without any material intermission that would admit them to stir out.

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"This was a terrible disappointment; for the fair was held only once a year, and they had, for some time before, been reckoning on the pleasures and amusements that day would afford them. It was very excusable in such pretty little creatures, if they were somewhat uneasy at this disappointment; but they were above crying on the occasion.

"Their mama, who was a very sensible lady, plainly saw, that this disappointment gave Amarillis and her brother much uneasiness, she therefore called them to her, and, after tenderly kissing them, thus said to them:

"My dear children, I am sorry you have met with this disappointment in the weather; but I am sure you would much rather the rain should keep you at home, than either lameness or sickness. Therefore thank God that you are neither sick nor lame, but are in a  
D 3 condition

condition to enjoy those innocent pleasures, which the house can afford you, where the rain cannot incommode you. When you recollect, my sweet creature, what a dry season we have had, I am sure you will, with pleasure, give up the expectations of this day to the pleasing recollection of the good this rain will do, and the great service it will do to all the surrounding lands.

"Another consideration ought to induce you not to regard this disappointment, since you are not sure, had you gone to the fair, but some accident might have happened to you, which will now be prevented by your staying at home. When you grow up in the world, you will perhaps have occasion to observe, that we frequently vex and torment ourselves at not being able to gratify some particular wish, which, had it been obtained, might have been very pernicious to us.

"Nor

"Nor is this all, my dear children; for, by thus accustoming yourselves to put up with disappointments, you will acquire such a serene habit of mind, that few things in this world will be able to ruffle your temper, or disturb the tranquillity of your minds. Happy are those who possess that invaluable jewel!

"I have a nice cake in the house, and some choice fruit. You shall have them, and call in your little neighbours to partake with you."

"Amarillis and her brother kissed their mama, then thanked her, pulled off their new clothes, called in their little companions, when they fell upon the cakes and fruit, and equally forgot both the weather and the disappointment they had met with. Hence it evidently appears, that we frequently suffer infinitely more from imagination than from realities."

Amintor having now finished, Florella observed to him, that she plainly

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perceived,

perceived, that it was not becoming little boys or girls to complain against the will of Providence. "I very well remember, (said this pretty shepherdess) what our good Mr. Stubbs told us one day, that though we are apt to be frightened at storms and tempests, yet there would be no living without them; for that they put the air in motion, and thereby sweeten it, destroying all those little animals that fly over our heads, and sometimes even into our stomachs, and then make us sick. I have often observed how sweet every thing smells after a shower of rain, and what a beautiful appearance all the flowers and herbage of the fields then put on. I will no more complain of the rain."

"What I have now been reading, (said Amintor) puts me in mind of what our good parson told us one day, when we were talking about riches and fine clothes. He observed, that these things

often

often bring great inconveniences with them. Amarillis and her brother, in the history I have been just reading, had new clothes, which made them unhappy on two occasions: first, that they could not go abroad to shew them; and, secondly, for fear the rain should spoil them. Now you and I, my dear Florella, who have no more clothes than backs, feel no anxieties of that sort."

"I remember it very well, (said Florella) and here is a passage in this little book, which I will read to you.

"Though riches are not to be despised, since they not only procure us all the pleasures and comforts of this life, and put it in our power to relieve the necessities of the poor and distressed, yet we must not pursue them with too much eagerness, since they are apt to make us forget ourselves, and lead us into dangerous errors. Idleness and inactivity generally accompany riches, and those  
bring



bring on loss of appetites, pains, and diseases; while the humble peasant, who labours for his daily bread, enjoys a feast every meal he makes, and is a stranger to strife, envy, or any of those unhappy passions, which repose on the downy pillow of the great."

In this manner our poor little shepherd and shepherdess conversed and read away the time, till the evening stole upon them almost insensibly; for time, when properly employed, never sits heavily on our hands. They, therefore, seeing night approaching, having taken proper care of their sheep, bent their steps toward the home of their good but poor parents. It was very pleasing to see these two pretty children walking home arm in arm, the sweet pictures of health, peace, and contentment; those three divine possessions, which form the whole system of human happiness.

*Chapter*

*Chapter the Seventh.*



As Amintor and Florella were returning home in the evening, they espied a large bird, called a kite, flying

flying away with a young chicken in its claws, Amintor perceived it almost as soon as it rose from the ground, and taking up a stone, as you see in the picture, he threw it so nicely that he hit the kite on the belly, so that he was glad to drop his prey, which fell to the ground.

“ These kites (said Amintor to his sister) are as great enemies to the birds and chickens, as the foxes are to our lambs. You remember Parson Stubbs told us, that nothing is made in vain; else I should think, that there is no occasion for those animals that only live upon the industry of others, and have no other visible way of living than by plunder and rapine.”

“ What you say is very true, my dear brother, (said Florela) but you know, that birds of various kinds pick the seed out of the ground almost as soon as it is sown, and thereby do a great deal of injury to the farmers, who frequently

frequently shoot these birds; yet it is well known, that were it not for these very birds, the ground would swarm with insects, and the air with flies, which these pretty birds devour, and thereby in a great measure preserve our crops. It is not reasonable, that these pretty birds should have something for their labour as well as we; and if they eat our corn, we in return eat them.”

Amintor picked up the poor chicken, which was very much hurt, and gave it to his sister, who plucked a little grass, put it into her basket, and the chicken upon that. As they knew it belonged to Squire Simpson, they carried it to him, and he was highly pleased at their saving this chicken, as it was one of a very valuable game breed. The Squire gave them a large piece of cake and some ale, filled their basket with one thing or another for the old shepherd and their mother, and asked them to come the next day,

day, and pass part of it with Master Simpfen.

They carried home the provisions to their good old parents, and made their hearts merry with those niceties they were not accustomed to. The next morning our pretty moralists got up early, in order to look after their sheep, and get their lesson ready against the parson's arrival, that then they might set out, and accept of the 'Squire's invitation. Mr. Stubbs came at his usual time, and, after some little conversation, Florella began to read her lesson, as follows.

"It once so happened, that there was a large nest of ants in the corner of a farmer's field. These industrious ants were constantly at labour, during the fine weather of the summer months, carrying little grains of corn, or the seeds of particular plants, into their apartments under ground.

"At no great distance from them was a bed of fine flowers, on the leaves of which some of the most beautiful and gaudy flies were sporting about, who seemed to enjoy themselves as much as kings and princes would in gilded places.

"A little young gentleman, who was quite unacquainted with the wonderful properties of different insects, observed in what a very different manner these insects employed themselves. "How foolish are these ants," (said he) to spend all this fine weather in labour and toil, while it is in their power to be as merry and joyous as these flies, who seem indeed to be happy."

"But these fine days gradually diminished as winter approached; the sun was seldom seen to shine, the mornings were frosty, and the days cloudy. At this season, the same little gentleman was walking with his father over the same



same spot, when the ants were all disappeared, and the poor flies were seen in a languishing and dying state.

"The little gentleman with surprise, asked what could be the reason, that the ants were all gone, and that the flies appeared in so languishing and miserable a state? His father told him, that the flies were a luxurious and careless brood, who considered only the present moment, without taking any care for the future, and that was the reason he now saw them perishing for want. On the other hand, the ants, of which he saw not a single one, were all now safe in their cells, enjoying at ease the fruits of their summer's labour; but that, as soon as the warm weather returned, he would see them again, busy as before, preparing against the subsequent winter, which they know will come."

As soon as Florella had finished reading, Amintor observed, that the moral  
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of this story was very clear: the ants represented those wise people, who, in the midst of plenty, lay up a store against a scarcity. Thus we should, in our youth, lay up some portion of what we then get, to enable us to go through the evening of life more cheerfully. The flies represent those silly and luxurious people, who think not beyond the present moment, waste and squander every thing as fast as they get it, and, in the evening of their lives, are often reduced to misery, want, and beggary.

Mr. Stubbs was very much pleased with Amintor and his sister; the one for reading so prettily, and the other for making so just and sensible an observation thereon. He therefore took care of our little moralists, having first set them a fresh lesson for them to peruse.

As soon as Mr. Stubbs was gone, the pretty Florella and her brother, having  
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got



got a neighbouring shepherd to look after their sheep, set off for the 'Squire's house, where they were received by Master Simpson in the most good-natured manner. Little Miss Simpson and Florella amused themselves with examining the figures on the beautiful china, and the fine paintings in the different parts of the house; while Master Simpson and Amintor went into the garden, in order to amuse themselves with some kind of sport in a more active way; for Master Simpson, notwithstanding he was rich, was not of an indolent disposition.

*Chapter the Eighth.**Chapter*

IN the middle of the 'Squire's gardens  
was a large and deep canal, on which  
was a little boat, for the purpose of  
rowing

rowing up and down it. Master Simpson proposed to Amintor, by way of amusement, to get into the boat and row about, by which means they should also have a better view of the garden on the banks of the canal.

To this proposal our little shepherd readily agreed, and in they both got. They rowed about some time with a great deal of pleasure, and 'Squire Simpson and his lady, together with their daughter and pretty Florella, were looking out at one of the dining-room windows to see how prettily the little boys amused themselves.

This scene of delight, however, was soon changed; for Master Simpson letting his oar go into the water, he leaned so far over the boat, that in he went sprawling into the canal. Our pretty little shepherd, determined to save him at all events, sprung up, and leaping to the side where young Simpson fell in, gave

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the boat such a shock, that over it went, and into the water he went also.

The 'Squire called out for help, the lady screamed dreadfully, and Miss Simpson and Florella run about the room almost distracted, not knowing what to do, or where to go. The canal was at some distance, and no servant near it, so that there was very little probability of saving the two poor boys.

It luckily happened that Amintor, though but a little boy, possessed great courage; and what was still more fortunate, he had learned to swim a little. So that, as soon as the boat was upset, instead of making the best of his way to land to save himself, he caught hold of one of the oars that was floating by his side, and made so dextrous an use of it, that while Master Simpson was throwing his arms about in struggling, little Amintor conducted the oar under him

close to his breast, and by this means kept him from sinking.

By this time the 'Squire, his lady, and one of their servants, had got to the side of the canal; but such was the distracted situation of the lady, that, instead of thinking how to get at the poor children in the water, the 'Squire and his man were fully employed in keeping the lady from jumping in after her son.

The little shepherd, seeing the confusion all parties were in upon land, cried out lustily, "Squire, do not be afraid, and I will bring Master Simpson safe to shore." This he accomplished in about five minutes; for he was afraid of being too hasty, lest the oar should slip away from the young gentleman.

The servant had now got into the canal, with all his clothes on, as high as his neck, and as soon as his young master came within his reach, he caught hold on him, and brought him

safe

safe on land. Little Amintor followed him swimming, happy and delighted to think he had thus saved the life of a young gentleman, who had been so kind and obliging to him.

As soon as Master Simpson was brought on shore, his mama caught him in her arms, and ran in doors with him, followed by the 'Squire, their daughter, and servant; but the pretty Florella did not stir an inch, till she saw her dear brother safe on land, and then, wet as he was, she threw her arms round his neck, and cried most terribly.

"What do you cry for, my sweet pretty sister, (said Amintor) you see that I am well, and we ought both of us to thank God, who has thus given me strength to save the life of my friend. But let us go into the house, and see how the young gentleman does."

They then went into the house, and found every body busy about the young gentleman;



gentleman; one running with a warming-pan to air the bed, another mounting his horse to fetch the doctor, some tearing the wet clothes off his back, and others bringing dry ones. Master Simpson, who was now perfectly recovered, told them that he wanted nothing but dry clothes, and begged they would turn their attention to the generous little shepherd, to whom he was indebted for his life.

During this time, Amintor had been standing in his wet clothes, without any one but Florella taking any notice of him; but now all attention was turned to him, his wet clothes were taken off, and a handsome suit of Master Simpson's was brought and put on him, which fitted him as well as if it had been made for him. Little Florella had never seen her brother so fine before.

Both the 'Squire and his lady could not help remarking, as soon as their  
fright

night was over, how pretty the little Amintor looked in his new dress. "My little courageous youth, (said the 'Squire, taking Amintor by the hand) I owe to your deliberate prudence the life of my dear son, and be assured I will amply reward you for it. You shall no more put on your shepherd's dress, but wear that, of which you are more deserving."

Little Miss Simpson observed, that she doubted not, but that pretty Florella would become one of her dresses, as much as Amintor did that of her brother's. So saying, she took her up into her dressing room, and made her look as smart as her brother. The 'Squire and his lady admired the change dress and made in the sweet little shepherd and shepherdess, which afforded them many a merry joke during dinner-time, which put an end to all former fears and apprehensions,

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The company were astonished at the smart answers made by our little moralists, whose capacities and genius seemed to command a situation far beyond what they were born to. The Squire was amazed when he found, that Amintor could read much better than his son, and Florella than his daughter. "I see, my dear, (said the Squire to his lady) that birth and fortune are but mere shadows, when compared to the gifts that nature has in her power. Hence we ought not to despise the children of the poor, since they may perhaps possess what riches cannot purchase."

*Chapter**Chapter the Ninth.*

IN the course of the conversation, the Squire found that the little shepherd and shepherdess were the pupils of the good

good parson Stubbs, and they had with them the little book, in which he set them lessons to learn. The 'Squire therefore desired that little Florella would read the task the parson had set them. The pretty little maid replied, that she had not yet learned it; however, she would read it as well as she could, and accordingly begun.

"A poor man, having two fine puppies, of a kind that is useful in countries in which are beasts of prey, presented one of them to his landlord, who was a rich man, and lived in a very splendid manner. The name of this puppy was Cæsar; but the other puppy, whose name was Pompey, the poor man kept himself, to be a guard over his house and his flocks.

"Cæsar was fed with all the luxuries of a plentiful kitchen, and soon became the favourite of the servants, who learned him a number of tricks, and suffered him

lie about the house just as he pleased. Though he was fed so well, yet he would not help thieving, and sometimes got a sound drubbing for it. His living in this high manner made him grow large and slightly, but then it spoiled him in other respects, he being both lazy and cowardly.

"It fared very differently with Pompey, who lived hard under a poor but honest master. He was never suffered to lie by the fire-side, but spend his nights in the yard, in order to guard the house from thieves. During the day-time, he was exposed to the severity of the elements, and learned to encounter rains and tempests. The frequent attacks he had with wolves, when they attempted any depredations on the flock, had given him many opportunities of using his strength and exerting his courage. All this, indeed, made him look very rough and ugly, and not so much admired

admired as his brother Cæsar; but then Pompey was a useful dog, while Cæsar was good for nothing. The latter was a noted thief, while the former would not, on any account, touch any thing but what was given him.

“The gentleman having occasion to examine his estates, set out, and took Cæsar with him, who, on his arrival at the place of his birth, looked upon his brother Pompey with the utmost contempt, because he did not look so fine and courtly as himself; but Pompey soon made him ashamed of himself.

“The gentleman being obliged to go through a wood, a furious wolf came running towards him, with his hair bristling up, his eyes sparkling, and making a horrid snarl, that filled the gentleman with terror. In this critical situation, Cæsar hung his tail between his legs, and sneaked off; but Pompey most courageously flew at the wolf, as you see in

the picture at the head of this chapter, after a long and terrible contest, laid him dead upon the spot. The gentleman was now convinced, that nothing more deceitful than appearances, and that those who make the greatest figure are often guilty of the meanest actions.

“The scene was now changed, Pompey got into great honour, and Cæsar into disgrace. The gentleman valued this faithful dog, who had behaved so valiantly, and took him home to his house, leaving Cæsar behind him, and telling the farmer, that he might keep him for a rogue, if he pleased.

“Pompey was highly delighted with his new situation, for he was fed with the best of every thing, and had nothing to do but now and then take an airing with his master. He soon grew fat and plump, and began to be admired for his handiness; but then he grew lazy, thievish, and cowardly.

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"In the mean time, the unfortunate Caesar was kicked and knocked about, fared hard, and exposed to all weathers; and, whenever he failed in his duty of attending the sheep, he was sure to get a most sound flogging. By these means he began to grow hardy, and being often obliged to fight the wolves in defence of his own life, he at last grew so courageous and faithful in his business, that he got highly into favour.

"The gentleman again having occasion to visit his estates, took Pompey with him. When he called at the farmer's house, he was surprised to see, to what a lean and rough condition the poor Caesar was now reduced. Pompey, in his turn, now looked with contempt on his brother Caesar, and took very little notice of him.

"It so happened, that the gentleman again went through the same wood, and was in like manner beset by a wolf.

Pompey,

Pompey, who was walking very stately by the side of his master, at the sight of the wolf, hung his tail between his legs, and sneaked off. Caesar, who had followed at an humble distance, now sprang forward, and after a most obstinate attack, in which the poor dog received many wounds, he at last killed the wolf.

"I am now fully convinced, (said the gentleman to the farmer, who came up soon afterwards) that courage and activity are not to be expected from those, who live a life of luxury and indolence; and that a life of labour and exercise is the best calculated to make us useful to ourselves, and the community at large."

Florella having now finished her story, the Squire handed her a large quantity of fruit, and was highly delighted with the pretty manner in which she had read

The little Amintor observed, that, when he thanked God, he was now both courageous and active, and if he should be-

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come



come otherwise by being well fed, he would rather remain a poor shepherd all the days of his life. "And I a poor shepherdes, too," said the pretty Florella.

They then all took a walk in the fields, and Amintor and his sister, to the astonishment of the 'Squire and his lady, told them the names of all the plants and flowers that grew in the hedges, while the young gentleman and lady knew not the name of one. "There are sweet pretty children, (said the 'Squire) we must not part with them."

*Chapter the Tenth.*

*Chapter* In the evening, 'Squire Simpson sent one of his servants to invite Parson Stubbs to supper, who, on his arrival,

was surprised to see our little moralists in a dress so different to what they were accustomed to; but the 'Squire soon unriddled the whole business, and insisted, that he should take under his care, not only Amintor and Florella, but his little son and daughter also.

"I should be happy, Sir, (said Mr. Stubbs) in obeying your commands; but I know nothing of the fashionable branches of science, such as serve only to fan the passions, and light up the flame of sensuality. In these times, teachers are expected only to attend to external accomplishments, while the duties of religion and morality are forgotten. To humour children in all their little whims and caprice, to indulge them in whatever they fancy, and to use no compulsion to force them to their studies, are the only means the generality of teachers now have to obtain the good opinion of parents in general. But, as I cannot sub-

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mit to such a conduct, I must beg to excuse myself accepting the honour you have proposed me of educating your children."

"You are very much mistaken in your notion of my principles, (replied the 'Squire.) Certain I am, that unless children are early instructed in the grounds of religion and morality, there can be but little hope, that they will pay much respect to them when they shall be grown up. The seeds of indolence, pride, and luxury, take early root, and, if suffered long to thrive, they soon choke every thing that is good and valuable. Whatever may be the fortunes of children, they should be made accustomed readily to submit to the will of those, who are intrusted with their education; should be taught to bear disappointments, and occasionally made sensible what hunger, cold, and fatigue are. These are the principles, upon which I would have my children educated."

The good Mr. Stubbs attempted no further excuse; and the next day, a room being appropriated to the purpose of a study, Mr. Stubbs attended, and every following day, to give them instructions. Master Simpson and Amintor sat at one desk, and Miss Simpson and Florella at another. This good clergyman not only instructed them in the principles of religion, reading, writing, and accounts, but proceeded to teach them the knowledge of the heavens and the earth. He made them well acquainted with the history of their own country, and afterwards with that of all nations. Natural history was a great favourite with these little pupils, and such progress did they make in their studies as excited the admiration and applause of every one.

In the mean time, the lease of a very desirable farm expired, and the late occupier, having acquired a fortune on it, thought proper to retire from all business.

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It had on it a very pretty house, such as you see in the picture at the head of this chapter. 'Squire Simpson, to whom the house and farm belonged, ordered a new lease to be made out in the name of Amintor's father, whom he put in possession of the whole, and supplied him with money, till things came about.

Thus were our two pretty moralists the cause of the happiness of their aged parents, who, by care and industry, soon paid the 'Squire the money he had lent them. Amintor occasionally assisted his father in the management of his farm, and in some measure acted the part of a little steward; while Florella was no less serviceable in the 'Squire's house, in the capacity of a little housekeeper.

About the time that Amintor reached the twenty-first year of his age, his father died, and his mother in a few months after him, when Amintor became possessed of one of the most valuable farms in the



Vale of Evesham. The pretty Florella married the Squire's steward, and both continued to live in that gentleman's house, rather as visitors of distinction than as servants. Mr. Stubbs was offered a very valuable living at some distance; but, as he was not a man of the world, he chose rather to accept of a small pension from the hands of the generous Mr. Simpson.

As Amintor and his sister advanced in years, the fonder they grew of visiting those delightful spots, on the banks of the Avon, where, in their infants days, they had so often sat side by side, reading their little books, tending their flocks, and listening to the songs of the feathered tribe, and the musick of the meandering currents.

"How sweet it is, (said Amintor) sometimes to visit these pleasing spots, where we passed our infant hours, undisturbed by the cares of the world, and strangers to the dreadful possessions of envy and ambition!

ambition! What are painted courts and gilded palaces, but the sorrowful abodes of trouble, vexation, and disappointment! Here Nature is undisguised, and Truth opens her treasures to our view every step we take! On this spot, my dear Florella, will build and endow a school for the instruction of young shepherds to read and write."

Amintor was as good as his word, a little building was erected, and a master had a handsome appointment, to teach twenty young shepherds. Florella, thinking something ought to be done on her side, added a wing to the building for the reception of twelve little shepherdesses.

The virtuous and happy Amintor and Florella lived to see the good effects of this charity, in whose memory the Vale of Evesham annually resounds, while the little shepherds and shepherdesses dance round their graves, decorated with flowers, to the sound of the tabor and the pipe.

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## CONCLUSION.

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**B**EFORE I take my farewell of my pretty little readers, they will permit me to make some general and perhaps useful remarks on a few of the incidents contained in this History of the Little Moralists.

When we compare the character of Master Simpson with that of Amintor and Florella, the pretty little shepherd and shepherdess of the Vale of Evelham, a very remarkable contrast strikes us. In Master Simpson we see the true child of fortune, who, like many others in the same situation, looked on poverty as a crime, and considered a shepherd and shepherdess

shepherdess as beings of an inferior nature, and born only to promote his pleasure or convenience, without having any title or claim to the comforts or enjoyments of life.

On the other hand, though Fortune hath denied our Little Moralists an abundance of wealth, yet Nature seemed to have made ample amends, in giving them a genius, which it was not in the power of Fortune to purchase. And here, my sweet readers, let me observe to you, that if you will but be at the pains to examine into the different characters that present themselves to your observation, you will learn this very *useful and important* truth, that mortals are more upon a level than in general you are apt to imagine. Be not surprized, my pretty readers, that I should advance a matter that may, at first sight, appear to you beyond your comprehension; but as I wish to divest you of vulgar

vulgar errors, and teach you to refine your ideas in your early days, I will endeavour to explain myself in a juvenile style.

Have you not seen many people, who ride in a grand equipage, who have many servants to attend them, who dress in the most sumptuous apparel, and whose tables are covered with dainties, some of them, perhaps, brought from the remotest parts of the world—I say, after seeing all this, have you not observed a degree of uneasiness, dulness, and languor hanging about them, an indolence which they could not get rid of, a want of appetite, indigestion, and strength? Which condition would you chuse, that I have now mentioned, or that of Amintor and Florella, who rise with the lark, whose appetites make every humble meal a feast, who do not enervate themselves in the bed of luxury, and whose labours are a pastime; who sleep soundly even on

in a bed of straw, and whose minds are undisturbed by wishing for what they may never live to enjoy? Do not mistake me, my pretty readers, there is no crime in being rich; on the contrary, it is a happiness to be so, and the pursuit of it is laudable. All I wish to intimate to you is, that riches are a blessing or an evil only as you apply them. If you be born to a fortune, do what you can; if you be poor, be industrious and contented.

Again, in the character of Master Sampson, you see a proud and haughty young gentleman, it is true; but then, you see, he at last condescended to be taught what was good, even by a poor little shepherd and shepherdess, and from them submitted to learn, how necessary it was for little folks to attend to their books. We should not despise any one because he is poor; and yet you will daily see, if you are capable of making any

any observations, how great is the insolence of prosperity, and that the person, who has but just conquered a state of poverty and misery, will exercise tyranny and oppression on those beneath him.

The good parson Stubbs affords a character worthy of imitation, such as, it is a pity to say, is too scarce. Without any other views of reward than what arose from the feelings of an honest heart, he took pleasure in instructing the little Amintor and Florella; but he met with his reward without looking for it, in finding himself, at last, generously patronized by 'Squire Simpson.

Notwithstanding what I have before said, that the possession of riches are apt to lead us into numberless errors; yet 'Squire Simpson is a proof that such is not always the case. He enjoyed a large fortune, and possessed a heart that was

worthy

worthy of it; he supported unfortunate industry in whatever dress he found it; but he was justly an enemy to those poor wretches, who think the affluent man ought to support poverty in indolence, and laziness under a veil of beggary.

My pretty readers, I would wish to conclude this little moral piece with the best advice I can give you. When any little misfortune happens to you, bear it with patience and composure, and look forward to the hope of better things. Take my word for it, that when you see a young (or even an old) person meanly sinking under any calamity, that person will undoubtedly be insolent in prosperity. By the same rule, insolence in prosperity will sink into meanness in adversity. Accustom your little hearts, in your early days, to be open to the feelings of humanity, despise neither riches nor poverty; do what you honestly mean to avoid falling into the latter, but do

do not sacrifice your peace and conscience to obtain the former. May you all, my sweet little readers, ride in your coach and six, without feeling the cares naturally attending so troublesome a situation!

F I N I S.



